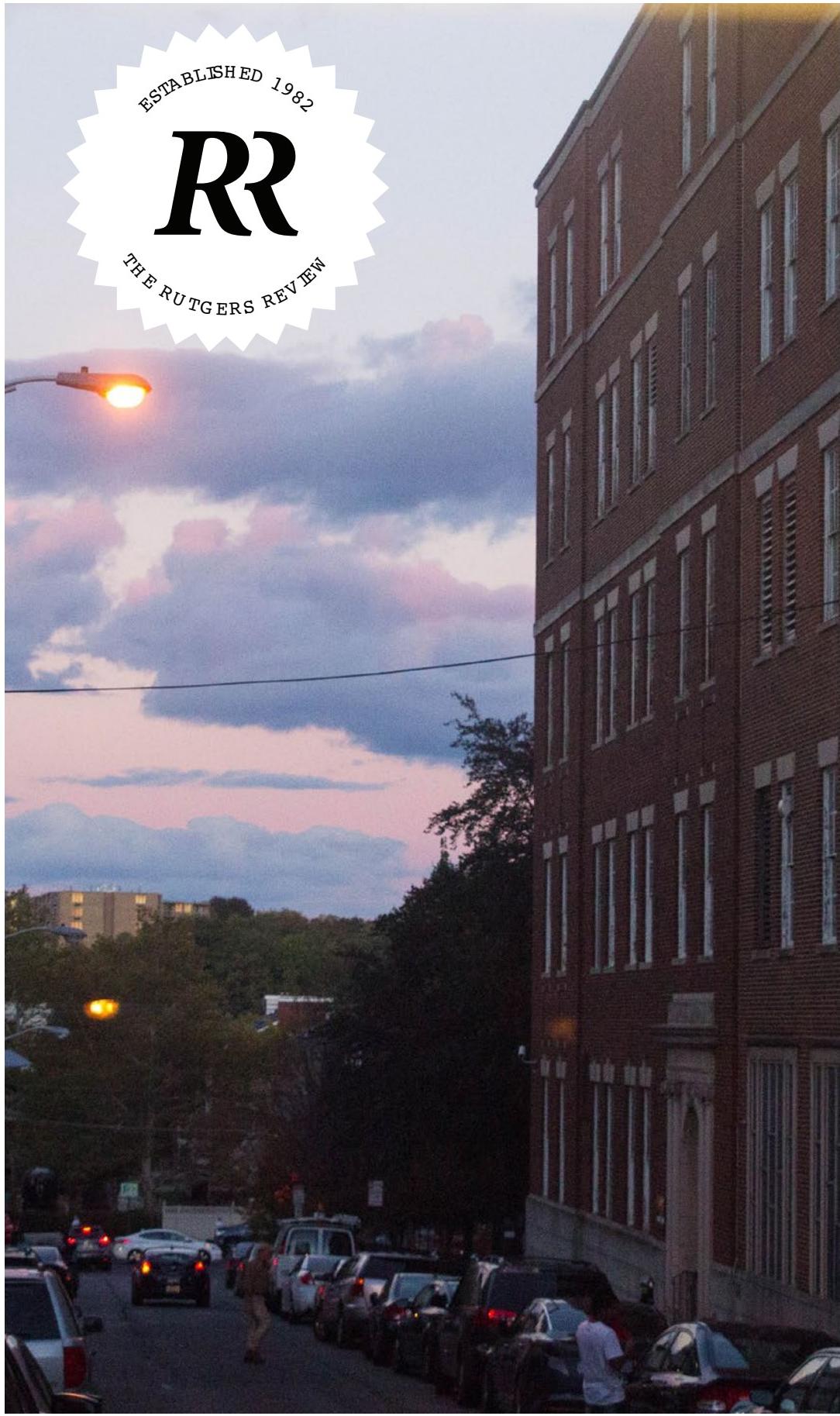




Bechdel // Poco Loco // Serotonic // YUH! // Extragalactic



**I FUCKING
HATE THIS
GAME
A&E**

*With Love, My
Gay Ass
CULTURE*

R U(nion)
FEATURE

Master Debators
MUSIC

deadass, b
POTPOURRI

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Adam Yawdoszyn (Class of 2020) studies Ecology, which is technically Ecology, Evolution, and Natural Resources but everyone just says Ecology. He likes being a person, but if he had to be an animal he'd be a Galapagos tortoise because then he could live forever and also be able to just chill on the Galapagos Islands. Adam likes watching the sunrise over the Raritan, which most of us don't get up early enough to see. He loves music but probably loves Animal Collective more, and his home away from home is the Adirondacks.



Frank Peake III (Class of 2019) enjoys drinking grande chestnut praline lattes with three ristretto shots and no whip while doing his favorite thing at Rutgers: reading The Rutgers Review. Frank is a Computer Science major, and if he was an animal he'd be a dog because he thinks he kind of looks like one already. Frank used to live in Alaska; It's a really cool thing about him and people should know.



Michaela C. Felix (Class of 2018) is a Journalism and Media Studies major. She enjoys eating takeout chicken nuggets and complaining about the stomachaches they give her, only to eat them again the next week (it is an endless cycle of enjoyment and pain). She is a stan for Metlife Stadium's chicken tenders even though they're overpriced, and prefers drinking apple juice with a bendy straw. Michaela thinks it would be nice to be a newborn puppy because they are the purest animals in existence and can do no wrong.



Last January, Kylie Jenner made a succinct, critical prediction about what 2016 would hold: “I feel like this year is really about, like, the year of realizing stuff. And everyone around me, we’re all just, like, realizing things.”

If someone in 2015 had told me that Kylie Jenner would be right, I would have laughed. Then again, if someone in 2015 had told me half of the things 2016 would bring about, I probably would’ve started researching how to be cryogenically frozen.

2016 was... a lot of things.

It was the hottest year since global temperature records have been kept. The Paris Agreement was ratified. There was the Summer Olympic Games and Zika Virus and doping allegations. Dicks were out for Harambe. Frank Ocean finally dropped another album. Britain voted to leave the European Union. David Bowie died. “Closer” by The Chainsmokers feat. Halsey happened.

And, of course, Donald Trump was elected President of the United States of America.

2016 was turbulent and confusing; it was at times delightful and at others terrifying. A lot of us have, indeed, “realized things,” about ourselves and our friends and the world at large. But if we’re unhappy with the state of the world, realizing things is not enough. We must act on our realizations. We must speak out but also listen; we must both learn and educate; we must inspire and be inspired. We must not become complacent.

Here’s to 2017, the year of, like, doing things.

Michelle Chen

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Written by
Roshni Kamta

FREE. R. BUD.

SHOW THE
POCO LOCO



Will there be an end to prohibition for one of our buds? In about 10 months, our dear old friend, and I say this very sarcastically, Chris Christie will be out of the office. So yes, New Jersey is planning on letting our bud roam free, in the sense of marijuana being legal for recreational use.

New Jersey Senate President Stephen Sweeney stated legalizing marijuana could change the state's economy. New Jersey could reap in a total of \$300 million a year in sales tax if they allowed residents to blaze whenever they want!! If a bill is passed by 2018, New Jersey would be the first east coast state to do so. Ah. Finally, New Jersey would be thought of as the chill state for once, and maybe there would be fewer maniacs on the Garden State Parkway.

If you don't believe that legalizing marijuana would be good for the state of New Jersey, let me present you with some facts. On a recent trip to Colorado, Sweeney and a group of state lawmakers were informed that the

marijuana industry was not only profitable but also safe and regulated. According to an article released by NJ.com, recreational marijuana has provided the city of Denver with many benefits. Since 2014, recreational marijuana has created 29,000 jobs, revitalized the economy of some impoverished towns, and reduced the number of drug possession arrests by about 80 percent!

Sweeney and his team also took the time to meet with public health officials, lawmakers business owners, and visited dispensaries and manufacturers to ensure the safety and regulatory aspect of legalizing marijuana. Even the price of an ounce of marijuana has dropped due to the regulation of sales tax. Right now, an ounce of marijuana costs about \$500, but by regulating the sales of marijuana the price would drop to about \$250. Anyone else think we should impeach Christie to speed up the process of legalizing marijuana? He is the only big thing blocking our bud's path.



I LOVE THE HINDU!

→ Foram Raval



A few weeks ago, Donald J. Trump visited our little corner of the world. He stopped by Edison, NJ alas just five minutes shy of New Brunswick. The town of Edison is known for its large community of Indian immigrants, mostly hailing from the northwestern state of Gujarat. At first glance, one may question why the candidate, who has relied on anti-immigrant sentiments and racist fear-mongering against minority groups to energize his base, would show his face in a town with an overwhelmingly South Asian population. He came to speak at a charity event, Hindus United Against Terror, held by the Hindu Republican Coalition (HRC), whose values closely relate to the Indian Bharat Janata Party (BJP). The BJP is a Hindu Nationalist political party supported by India's socially conservative right wing. Narendra Modi, the popular and current Prime Minister of India and the former Chief Minister of Gujarat, belongs to the BJP party.

The roots of the HRC's ideology make it clear why the organization gravitates toward Trump. One reason for this development is that like Prime Minister Modi, Trump addresses the public's strong distrust of the federal government, and makes passionate appeals about curbing corruption. Trump claims that he will be able to push all his policy goals through, a message that resonates with the HRC, because of the bureaucracy and red tape that has historically plagued India's law-making efforts. Like the BJP, the HRC values free enterprise and entrepreneurship, hence their endorsement of Trump because of his supposed business acumen. While the claims of an inefficient and corrupt government draw the support of this bloc of Indian-American voters, perhaps the biggest and most enthusiastically received appeal is Trump's admonishment of Muslims in this country and abroad.

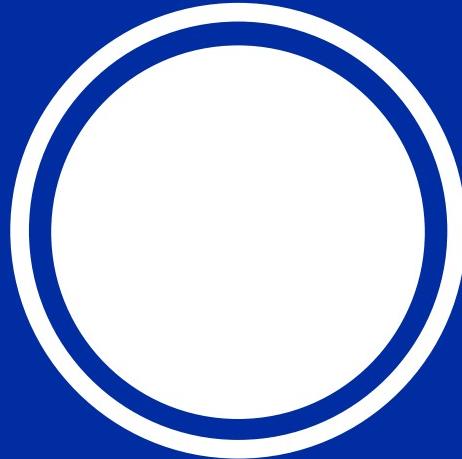
Muslims and Hindus have had a long and painful history in India. When Modi was Chief Minister of

Gujarat, highly publicized Hindu-Muslim riots took place. Although Modi does not openly advocate for Hindu nationalism, many members of the BJP maintain radical beliefs that push for "Hindu domination" of the country. Many of these prejudices have followed the Indian immigrant population into the States. Bigotry is essentially what is bringing the HRC and Donald Trump together. However, the HRC is by no means representative of the entire Indian-American voting bloc. According to the National Asian American Survey, 67% of Indians in America support Hillary Clinton, while only about 7% support Donald Trump.

Still, Trump's appearance at this event did not disappoint. He came in strong, boasting about how well he was performing in polls. Then he delved into the meat of why he was invited, starting off with all of his Islamophobic hits, to please the crowd. He vowed to defeat ISIS, saying Congress would "make it hard," but he could push his policies through anyway. Of course, Trump did not pause to explain how he would tackle these challenges. When he got around to the phrase radical Islam, "something President Obama would never say," the audience erupted into more cheers and applause. He went on to discuss the alliance between India and the United States, assuring the event participants that under his presidency, the two countries would be "better, no—best friends." In classic Trump fashion, he did not finish without a gaff when he said that he was "a big fan of the Hindu and a big fan of India," mixing up the religion and the country. All in all, it was a telling display of his understanding of this voting demographic.



Written by
Eric Weck



Stop Tokenizing Me.

Dear straight women:

I love y'all. Like, wow, you guys are amazing. I don't think a day goes by where a woman doesn't amaze me. But, nevertheless, we have some things to talk about.

To be a woman is hard. To be a gay man is hard, too. While these oppressions can be similar at times, they are not the same thing. That means some things that you, a straight woman, can say to a gay man (as well as the other way around) can be quite problematic.

Stumped on examples of this? Let's go over some of my personal faves that I've received:

"Hey guys! I'd like you to meet my gay best friend, Eric." No matter how confident in our sexuality we may be, no gay man wants you to make it their first impression for them. Which facet of our persona we choose to make primary is a decision that is only to be made by us. Also, am I not good enough to be your regular best friend?

"Ugh, Eric, why aren't you straight? If you were, we could get married and make the cutest babies!" Flattering that you want my kids, it might be. But, no. It's hard enough for homos to find a mate, so please don't cry oppression when your "GBF" doesn't want to propagate with you.

"Eric, this is my other gay friend, Aman. You guys would love each other!" Contrary to my last point, no matter how hard finding same-sex love can be, no one wants to be set up with the one other gay guy at the party, unless we happen to solicit the help first.

While there have been many other instances of people making my queerness preempt the rest of my existence, these are just some of the most common occurrences. Now, please don't think that this is me saying that y'all are worse than straight boys (you're sure as hell not) or that I'm a heterophobe (although...), but there persists a pervasive ideal that a gay man belongs to his cisgendered heterosexual femme best friend. I'm not sure where it comes from, but the tokenization needs to stop. As we finally begin to assimilate into society without having to drop our Queerness for the first time in history, the last thing we want to do is feel honored solely for our sexuality from the people we love most.

With love,

My Gay Ass

Permanent Residents: **THE BRUNZ**



→ Written By:
Delfina Picchio

I'm always slightly taken aback when I see kids walking around or nearby a college campus. But then, of course, I remember that a college campus isn't only a college campus, and that there are real, non-collegiate people who live in the neighborhoods where campuses are found. When people think of Rutgers-New Brunswick, they don't usually think of children first. Instead, people mostly think of drunk, partying college students and red solo cups littered on green lawns. See, the tricky thing with colleges is that they are usually located in cities or towns, and these towns aren't necessarily intrinsically connected with the actions of the university. By this I mean that more often than not, students and higher level administration will forget about the people who live in these towns and the fact that they are permanent residents, that this is their town, and that they don't get to go "home" for summer and winter breaks.



In downtown New Brunswick, an area of campus that has a large mixing of college students and permanent residents, there is an organization called the Youth Empowerment Services (Y.E.S for short). It was through this non-profit organization that I got to learn more about the youth of New Brunswick and see what

it can be like growing up in a huge college town that also has many of its own needs apart from the university.

Last summer I volunteered at Y.E.S helping out at their "Oasis" Summer Camp. I learned it was called "Oasis" summer camp because of the city's need to support

disadvantaged and at-risk youth. When I first met with the director of the camp, one of the first things he mentioned was the presence of 19 active gangs in the New Brunswick area, a fact that most people at Rutgers are unaware of. The camp, which runs five days a week for about two months, provides an opportunity for many city kids to do something productive and structured with their summer breaks while their parents go to work each day, and prevent further youth gang activity. Twice a week the camp takes the campers on field trips to different places around New Jersey, which allows for a fundamental learning and growing experience for city kids to be able to broaden their horizons outside of New Brunswick. The camp, which is funded mostly by grants and sponsorships, is an essential resource for the youth of New Brunswick.

The kids I worked with at the camp were not ordinary kids. They were some of the most independent and resourceful kids I've ever met. I found them to be very self-aware of who they are and of the world surrounding them. If they were missing a playing piece for a board game, they'd make do without it. We had access to one single playground, and they would invent all sorts of different games to play on it to stay entertained all summer. The best part of having been a camp counselor there was that everyone that worked there was a volunteer and truly wanted to be there. You could see this prominently reflected in the attitudes of the kids, who were always excited to come to camp. Though some days were tougher than others, a lot of the kids really just needed love and the support of counselors to stick by them.

Volunteering at Y.E.S was how I became introduced to the other side of New Brunswick that college students at Rutgers don't often see. I got to meet an incredible group of kids who call New Brunswick their home, and who experience this city completely differently than I have in my short time at Rutgers. The kids would recommend different restaurants for me to try out around New Brunswick, and when we would walk around the city they would always point out the buildings where their parents worked with such a sense of excitement and pride to show me what their home means to them. And the next time you decide to throw out your red solo cup or beer can on somebody's lawn, think of the kids who may have to wake up to that sight.



BECHDEL TEST FOR TV

→ CAMRYN KOZACHEK

A&E

In the past month, I've seen five movies and only one passed the Bechdel test. In case you don't know, the Bechdel test was created by Rachel Bechdel to assess the role of women in film. It has three criteria- a film needs to have 1. at least two [named] women who 2. talk to each other about 3. something other than a man. It was also adapted by Alaya Dawn Johnson to work for people of color. The revised test continues in a similar vein; it states that a movie 1. has to have two POC in it who 2. talk to each other about 3. something other than a white person.

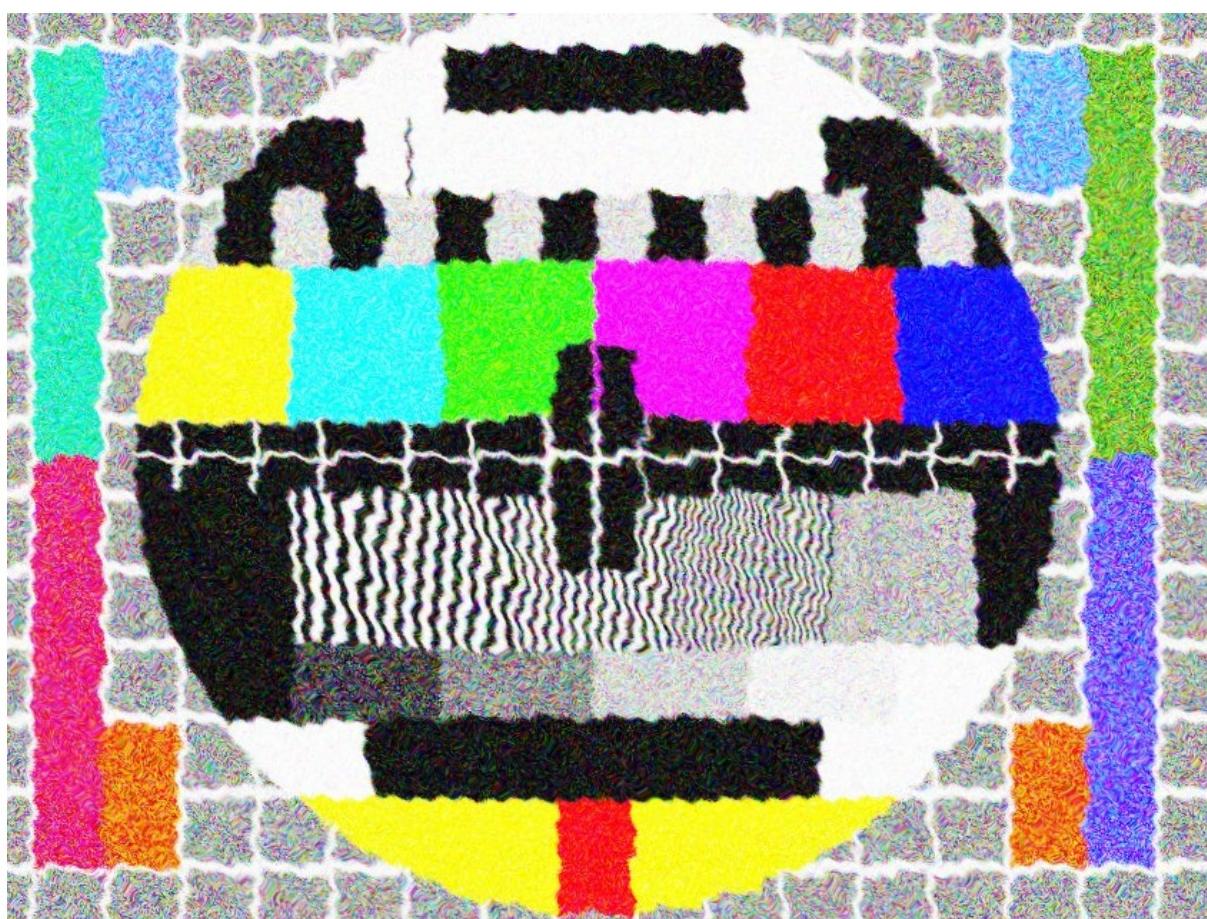
While the guideline works for movies, it fails as an accurate assessment when faced with television programs. Because of the nature of television, shows are likely to fulfill the criteria of the test eventually. They often portray a larger cast size, as well as significantly more air time than any movie. If the average show lasts for around 5 seasons (discounting the fact that most new shows don't even finish their first season). That's around 100 hours of television, around 50 times the length of most movies.

However, in no way does that mean that every TV show that fulfills the Bechdel test in a couple episodes represents women well, despite the increasing numbers of women and people of color presented on our television screens (or more likely our laptop screens).

According to the Writers Guild of America, women only account for approximately 30% of television writers and minority writers comprise around 14%. If you're talking movie directors, women occupy even less positions, constituting only 13% of directors for the top 700 films of 2015.

The Big Bang Theory, a popular CBS comedy whose viewership comes only second to the NFL, almost consistently fails the test for its first two seasons due to its predominantly male cast. Two additional women were introduced in season 3 and even with that addition not every episode passed. A more recent show, Empire, which is a musical drama that premiered in 2015 fares better, but its pilot episode still fails to pass the Bechdel test. If you wanted to make a test evaluating a series as a whole rather than individual episodes, it should include 1. at least two named women who 2. talk to each other about 3. something other than a man in 4.90% of episodes. The same adjustments can be made to the test for people of color.

Women are represented more frequently in television than they are in the film industry. However, television still lacks representation from complete and whole characters who aren't straight white men - the Bechdel test shouldn't be harder to pass than a chemistry final.



2016

INDIE GAMES GOING INDIE TO PLAY

→ FRANK PEAKE

Indie games are video games developed without the aid of a publisher. Hence the name, Independent. These games are typically theorized and developed by much smaller organizations than say Call of Duty. Unfortunately, lack of publishing also indicates a lack of funding: typically the greatest hurdle an indie developer will face. Which results in many developers turning to Kickstarter campaigns in order to fund their projects. However, there are some creative advantages that come with being an independent creator. While more mainstream companies have many executives they need to appease and have to appeal to wider audiences to turn a profit, indie games often boast more individual creativity and originality. The product of which is masterfully demonstrated in the titles I wish to share with you today:

That Dragon, Cancer

Numinous Games

January

That Dragon, Cancer is an intimate journey into the lives of Ryan and Amy Green after discovering their third child has been diagnosed with cancer. Playing is certainly a humanizing experience that will make you want to grab your phone to call your loved ones. There are parts that come off a bit clunky but I believe it contributes to the overall genuineness of the experience. To some, the game may be considered “walking simulator”, being that the game does challenge what the definition of what a videogame is. However, if you’re open to the functionality of video games being more of an in-

teractive, narrative-based art form, then That Dragon, Cancer is arguably one of the best to ever do it.
#Art #Narrative #Adventure #Walking Simulator

The Witness

Thekla Inc.

January

Next up is the puzzle-gamer's dream come true, The Witness. This 3D Labyrinth style puzzler rejuvenates the genre with its original design. Beginning the game on a mysterious island, you must complete a series of puzzles to unveil the mystery behind the island and the mountain that rests upon it. While certainly frustrating, the puzzles never feel bogus or unsolvable. On top of that, throughout the game you will find audio logs of quotes from famous scientists and mathematicians which are relevant to the assigned tasks. With roughly 650 solvable puzzles, stunning visuals, and a touch of narrative, The Witness undeniably earns its spot on this list.

#Puzzle #3D #Adventure

Firewatch

Campo Santo

February

Probably my personal pick for indie game of the year, Firewatch is the satisfying adventure game you have been waiting for. A perfect balance of adventure, action, narrative, and visuals, it is an absolute must buy for any indie game enthusiast. In the game you play as Henry, a man who takes a job in the middle of the Wyoming forest in order to escape the turbulence of his personal life. His only companion being his boss, Delilah, with whom he's constantly communicating with via his hand radio. As the story unfolds and their relationship develops, players are swept up into Henry's story of self discovery and adventure.

Inside

Playdead

June

One of the most anticipated indies of the year, Inside had pretty big shoes to fill following its predecessor, Limbo. This time, in my opinion, I believe the developers at Playdead really hit the nail on the head. Inside draws upon and successfully implements the haunting, uneasy ambiance of Limbo, and then expands on that with three dimensional take on the side scrolling 2D puzzle

platformer. It's shocking, disturbing, and thought provoking. However, make sure you check your closet and under your bed before you follow our young, silent protagonist through this dismal, unsettling world.

#Platformer #Puzzle #Horror #SideScroller

Overcooked

Ghost Town Games

August

Certainly the lightest entrant on this list, Overcooked is genuinely fun, and an original take on the classic "Diner Dash" genre. Thanks to the internet age we now live in, the local multiplayer seems to be a dying genre. More and more games are substituting split screen for online play. Long since were the days when you should have a bunch of your pals over and play MarioKart till you crashed on the couch coming down from all that mountain dew. That is, until Overcooked came along. Personally having played several times with friends, I can say that Overcooked is my favorite casual multiplayer of 2016. It's a cooperative diner dash where you have to team up with your friends to get the orders out on time, despite several obstacles including moving floors, conveyor belts, starving sewer rats, and much more, all done to appease the cartoonishly terrifying monster introduced at the start of the game. I do not hesitate to recommend Overcooked to anyone looking for an exciting, original party game.

Honorable Mentions:

Abzu

Superhot

Replica

1979 revolution black friday

No Man's Sky

Hyper Light Drifter

2017 Indie Spotlight:

Hello Neighbor

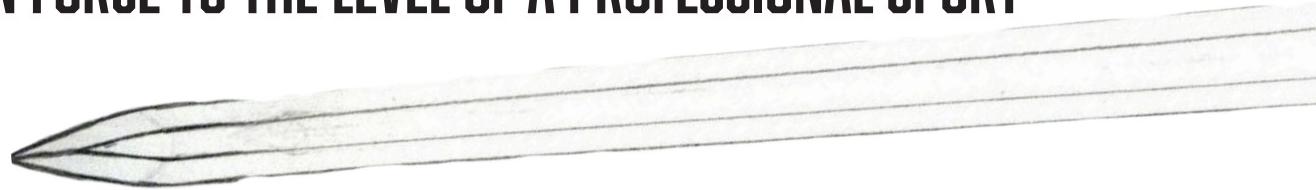
By no means is this a "best of" list, they are in no particular order. They are just some games I personally enjoyed and thought deserved some more attention. If you like these games, buy them! Indie developers depend on sales to continue to produce the original, creative content that we love!



A LEAGUE OF

→ SAMUEL SHOPP

A GAME THAT BLURS THE LINES BETWEEN PASSION AND ADDICTION HAS TAKEN FORCE TO THE LEVEL OF A PROFESSIONAL SPORT



David Foster Wallace defines addiction as an unhealthy habit, for which the easiest solution seems to be more of it. The alcoholic drinks because they lost their job; they lost their job because of their alcoholism. The gambling addict gambles because they need to win money; they need money because they lost it all to gambling. The League of Legends addict refuses to quit because they feel bad about losing; they feel bad about losing because they keep choosing to play the game. Addiction is a vicious cycle, because the highs and lows are extreme. A League of Legends player will play for hours until they win a game because losing makes them feel like shit but winning will make them feel like a god.

When I started playing, people actively tried to convince me to stop. Within two weeks I was convinced that if I practiced hard enough I could be the best in the world. I suppose this theory wasn't exactly wrong: 10,000 hours can make anyone an expert. But I didn't have 10,000 hours, I had midterms to study for, classes to attend, and clubs to run. Something you learn quickly is that League of Legends demands your attention, and it's easy to find yourself playing until 3am for no reason

other than a refusal to quit until you've won a game.

The reason behind this is that League of Legends is a sport. It might be an "eSport," but it's a sport nonetheless. An outsider might not understand the rules or the physical demands, but everyone can understand what it means to compete and train in a sport. Imagine a high school soccer player. She comes home after school, drops her bags on the floor, and immediately gets suited up for practice. Every day she trains with the team, preparing for the game on Saturday. She doesn't get home until dinner and barely has time to do her homework. She's competitive. If she wins, she feels like a God. If she loses, she feels like shit; she feels like the only solution is to practice harder; to play more of this game that sometimes makes her feel like shit.

That's exactly what League of Legends is like. Just like football or soccer, League of Legends is competitive and it requires practice. If you've never played, it's a simple team game. The only goal is to destroy the enemy's base. However, there are so many ways to accomplish that goal that the game has spawned strategies, playbooks, even a professional eSports league, which

ITS OWN



is watched by millions every year. League of Legends places you on a ranked ladder based on how good of a player you are. The lowest rank is Bronze and the highest is Challenger. All the professional players are in Challenger, so the road to pro-play is just as clear as the road to the NFL or the MLS.

Now replace the soccer player with a Silver IV League of Legends player who just wants to be the best at what she does. She comes home after school, drops her bags on the floor, and practices for a couple hours with some non-ranked games. When she loses a ranked game, she refuses to quit. She might have homework, but she keeps playing, practicing, training so that she can win the next ranked game. It's unhealthy. It's passionate. It's almost the same as a "real" sport, but it's marred by guilt.

Now replace the Silver IV League of Legends player with a gambling addict. She gets home from school, drops her bags on the floor, and immediately logs into her online poker account. Maybe she practices for a couple hours with some free games. If she wins, she feels like a God. If she loses, she refuses to quit. She might be

losing money, but she keeps playing, practicing, training so that she can win the next hand. Certainly this is unhealthy. Where's the passion in gambling? She feels horribly guilty by now, but she sees poker tournaments on ESPN all the time.

Is she an addict? Is she an athlete? The line blurs to be almost unrecognizable. There's something shameful about a person being addicted to a video game, blinded by the delusion that they could be the best in the world, choosing over and over to keep playing and suffering while everything else in their life gets swept aside like an alcoholic who chooses whiskey over happiness. But the road to greatness is lined with sacrifices. Ask Tom Brady or Vanessa Williams how many hours they spent training to get where they are today or how many relationships they've given up to be the best. The line between eSports and real sports blurs. The line between addiction and passion blurs with it. 

FEATURE

THE STATE OF

P

UNION

On Wednesday, November 9th 2016, millions of Americans awoke to a brave new world. Many were upset, afraid, confused, angry; some feared for their futures, their friends, their lives. Thousands are part of this Rutgers community. The days after the election showed us that this community is capable of coming together in massive ways. As 2017 begins and the initial reactionary spark dies down, those of us who desire change must not die down with it. Let's make sure to channel energy into tangible action:

Donate: support causes that matter to you. From black lives to reproductive health to climate change to LGBTQ+ rights, programs and organizations are being targeted politically and economically by the new administration. Donations will be crucial to helping these organizations continue to do their work.

Volunteer: organizations don't only need money, they also need people. Whether you have specialized skills such as legal or business experience or just time and determination, there is an organization out there that could use your help.

Educate: work to dispel ignorance and misinformation. Call out hateful rhetoric if you're able to. Listen to people who have opposing viewpoints to yours, work to understand why they hold them. Remember that almost everything has a grey area. Try not to get caught up in semantics. Avoid hurling insults and calling people names; ad hominem attacks are a logical fallacy anyway.

Stay informed: it's impossible to educate others without first educating yourself. Keep up to date with issues you care about from reputable sources. Understand the subjects you speak on. Take the time to listen to others, especially if you are a majority or in a position of power. Do not speak for those in marginalized communities, but rather use your position to amplify their voices.

*Photographs by Sarina Aquino and Chloe N. Yang
from the Women's March in New York City*



SOCIAL MEDIA IN A POST FACT WORLD

A defining moment of this year's contentious campaign season occurred when Newt Gingrich was being interviewed on CNN at the Republican National Convention this summer. His revealing exchange with political correspondent Alisyn Camerota about the validity of crime statistics basically summed up the spirit of the entire convention and that of Trump's campaign in general. Some of their conversation at the RNC is copied here:

CAMEROTA: But violent crime across the country is down.

GINGRICH: The average American, I will bet you this morning, does not think crime is down, does not think they are safer.

CAMEROTA: But it is. We are safer and it is down.

GINGRICH: No, that's just your view.

When Camerota pressed the former Speaker of the House further on the facts, citing crime statistics com-

piled by the FBI, Gingrich defended the value of feelings. He said, "The current view is that liberals have a whole set of statistics that theoretically may be right, but it's not where human beings are... As a political candidate, I'll go with how people feel and I'll let you go with the theorists." Such is the nature of the ongoing debate over the nature of fact and fiction in politics and in the media all year.

If you've been keeping up with the so-called "fake news" phenomenon that's been playing out on mainstream media outlets in the wake of the election, the connection between this now-vindicated politician's words and the spread of falsehoods to millions of voters online should be clear. Late-night TV pundits and liberal op-ed columnists have harped on his words as setting a dangerous precedent for a post-fact world. I would argue that the debate over the nature of facts and what constitutes a "fact" had a significant and unprece-



dented effect on voters in this election.

It should be noted that the Democrats' crippling defeats not just in the race for the executive branch but also in those for the legislature speak volumes about their own failures during this campaign. Fake news didn't necessarily sway the outcome of this election. Still, its impact on undecided voters at the last minute should not be underestimated.

For any savvy social media user, exposure to "fake news" and other baseless rumors propagated online is a regular occurrence. In the wake of the election, many news publications and television networks have focused on the impact of fake stories disseminated on social media such as the Pope's endorsement of Trump (which never happened), or the murder-suicide of an FBI agent connected to the Clinton email investigation (also false). These stories and others like them were shared by thousands and viewed by potentially millions of American

→ TIM SCHOBEL

voters online over the course of the campaign. When polls were showing Clinton leading in Florida only a few weeks before Nov. 8, Trump supporters at his rallies rebuffed a reporter's suggestion of her probable victory in the state, citing their Facebook news feeds as evidence of the contrary. Meanwhile, Facebook's individually-tailored content was leading at least the other half of the country and most of the world to a very different conclusion.

This election thus demonstrated the extent to which social media has made Americans on either side of the political spectrum more isolated in their online filter bubbles and, in turn, more polarized in their views. This year's unprecedented flood of fake news online only accentuated this problem among the American electorate. Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg has downplayed the extent to which fake news shared on his website has impacted the American during this campaign season, however. He said in a status posted four days after the election, "Of all the content on Facebook, more than 99% of what people see is authentic. Only a very small amount is fake news and hoaxes. The hoaxes that do exist are not limited to one partisan view, or even to politics. Overall, this makes it extremely unlikely hoaxes changed the outcome of this election in one direction or the other." Zuckerberg clarifies his "99%" statement in a reply to one of the many comments on this status, saying that if was an overall figure and not meant to be interpreted as representative of individual users' news feeds. He goes on to say that while Facebook is making progress in stifling the spread of misinformation on their users' news feeds, he and others at Facebook tasked with creating a distinction between fake and legitimate content must be "extremely cautious about becoming arbiters of truth ourselves." Indeed, companies like Facebook and Google that use algorithms to personalize web content must walk a fine line in striking a balance between keeping the public accurately informed and stifling free speech. 



WHITE SILENCE IS VIOLENCE: Post-Election Complacency & White Liberalism

→ Eric Weck

While the word ‘liberal’ holds fixed meaning, and most likely will never make significant semantic change, the American political identification, ‘liberal,’ has gone through dramatic shift over the course of this past presidential election season. It has come to attention that many incorrectly believe the label to automatically absolve them of any sort of prejudice; meaning, if they promote themselves as being with democratic, liberal views, they are physically unable to be problematic. Often, this belief aligns itself with the most privileged — the whiter, the straighter, the wealthier, etc. — because the less personally invested one is in the progressive policies and respectful speech one could say is being pushed by the ‘ideal liberal,’ the more inclined one is to perform action and speech that negates this ideal progressiveness.

Much rhetoric being pushed by these white liberals (disclaimer: one does not have to be white to perform white liberalism) following the election of Donald Trump was, in this same way, counterintuitive to the people they claimed to support. In the hours and days following the official announcement of the end of the presidential race, minority communities and their allies filled the streets of cities, universities and small towns across the country to protest the electoral college results and the policies that would be sure to unravel the well being and lives of them and their families.

Counterdialogue flooded the Facebook and Twitter feeds of even the most progressive circles and geograph-

ical areas, telling protesters to “stop complaining” and to “deal with the fact that he was elected President.” Those who rejected the President-Elect, hashtagging #Not-MyPresident and deleting those who supported him off of their social media, were shamed for “not engaging in open dialogue” and “not respecting the fact that other people have opposing views” from them.

The president rejecters’ retort to this was in the form of a question; how am i to respect an ‘opposing political view’ when this view directly negates my life and existence as a human being? For black, brown, gay, trans, immigrant and femme identifying people, amongst others, this “cross-aisle” dialogue so desperately begged of them by their ‘white allies’ came at too high a price. Trump had ran on a political platform that mongered both fear of and hatred towards them, emboldening white supremacists and radical Christians, while promising legislation that would tear their lives apart.

This complacency towards the election on the part of white liberals was a danger to those who actually had things at stake. It was a wake up call to the difference between a friend who was a white ally, and one who would, through it all, stand in solidarity with those affected.

If you’re not with us, you’re against us, and passive complacency makes you just as bad as who took an active role in invalidating our existence. The title of this article says it all — white silence is violence, and there is simply nothing liberal about white liberalism.

How The Parties Failed Us

→ Sam Shopp

FEATURE

Stop me if this sounds familiar: it's election season again and you can't stand either of the major candidates. Perhaps you campaigned for Bernie Sanders in the primary, and you thought his policies were perfectly aligned with yours. Or perhaps you thought Jill Stein was your candidate. But suddenly you're faced with an orange demagogue and a well-disguised reptilian humanoid, and you just feel trapped. Social pressure and common sense tell you that voting for Gary Johnson or Jill Stein is essentially a "protest vote" because there's no chance that either will win. But why is that? Why can't American Politics move beyond our two-party system?

It's obvious that the two-party system isn't working. Most people find that their views are not properly represented because neither the Democratic Party nor the Republican Party offer compelling platforms to the majority of voters. Fiscal conservatives feel like they have to compromise their more liberal social values by voting for Republicans, or vice versa. However, history has shown us that we can't solve the problem simply by changing our voting habits. Many believe Ralph Nader lost the election for Al Gore, and there's evidence that Gary Johnson had a similar impact on Hillary Clinton's chances.

Fortunately, there's a reason voting third party has not worked. Many political scientists and researchers have determined that it's our Winner-Takes-All Voting System that could be to blame. The problem is something called Duverger's Law: Governments that elect representatives with Winner-Takes-All Voting Systems will always tend towards two-party systems.

Duverger's Law is a mathematical principle, but it makes perfect sense. Imagine there are three parties in an

election: the Rutgers Party, the Penn State Party, and the Ohio State Party. The Rutgers Party and the Ohio State Party are more conservative, so they split the conservative voters. The Penn State Party is the only liberal party, so they get all the liberal voters. When the results come in, Penn State wins 40% of the votes, Ohio State wins 35%, and Rutgers wins 25%. But it turns out Rutgers voters really hate Penn State, so next election they abandon their party and vote for Ohio State. Now Ohio State wins 50% of the vote, Penn State wins 40%, and Rutgers only gets 5%. Slowly but surely, the system guarantees that Rutgers will never win an election and you are left with only two parties.

This is actually great news, because if we can diagnose the cause of a two-party system, we can take steps to solve it. On YouTube, CGP Grey has a video called "The Alternative Vote Explained" that shows very clearly how we might be able to move past this toxic system. Alternative Voting Systems (or Preferential Voting Systems) allow voters to rank their choices from best to worst, giving you much more freedom to vote for whoever you want without the fear that you'll elect a Penn State candidate if you do. In even better news, Maine recently voted to begin using a Preferential Voting System, making them the first state to ever do so. It's unlikely that this will immediately solve our country's problems, but it does mean that you can finally vote for Jill Stein without worrying about "throwing away" your vote or letting an orange nightmare become your next president.



Redefining the Rutgers Community

→ Eric Weck

The serotonic benefits that come from the feeling of community and same purpose are scientifically undisputed; to be working, in a large group, across differences, towards the same goal is proven to be extremely cognitively beneficial. After all, Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs—yes, i know you're thinking, how Psych 101 of you — puts 'Love/Belonging' only two steps away from the base of the pyramid.

The desire for community, perhaps, for many across the US, was never more needed than following the election of Donald Trump. It was as if, while the electoral college map that sat burnt into every television and computer screen

in America slowly turned redder and redder, emboldened racists, xenophobes and misogynists laughed as they hacked away at these Hierarchies of marginalized communities. Gone was safety, gone was esteem, and for some, even gone were those physiological needs; no longer present was the promise of food, water and any assurance of homeostasis. Now, for the most marginalized, these things hadn't been on steady ground for the past few years, or, for some, ever before. Nonetheless, the implications of the election of such a disgusting despot into the highest office in the world only amplified these fears.

However, as with most major shifts of power and influxes of oppressive regimes, an opposition immediately grew. November 5, 2016 saw the protesting of millions against the election results, using hashtags such as #NotMyPresident to color the denial of complacency by those deemed most vulnerable. This response to what had happened transgressed racial, sexual, religious, handicap and gender boundaries to create a new community of people that would not be ignored, or broken up.





Here at Rutgers, for two days following the election, radio silence filled the streets and halls of all campuses and buildings. The days were grim and grey — literally — and while the University was abuzz online, the same brazen desire for change seen in other cities around the nation was not present in New Brunswick.

This continued until the Friday after Election Tuesday, when two undergraduate women circulated flyers for, and, with the help of a few classmates, created a Facebook event page for, a #NotMyPresident protest. With expectation of

less than 20 people to show up, the constituents were surprised when, through the course of the march, hundreds gathered in solidarity with those at risk. Besides for the occasional screaming of presumably white, cisgendered, heterosexual, Christian men, little opposition fought the protesters as they made their way around the city and then to an emergency response meeting at the office of the Rutgers chapter of the Association of American University Professors. There, in conjunction with organizations such as Rutgers One and Movimiento Cosecha, next steps of mobilization were put into effect.

The following week, the meaning behind the label ‘Rutgers community’ changed forever. According to an estimate made by a New Brunswick police officer, upwards of 2,000 Rutgers students, teachers, faculty members and New Brunswick citizens congregated on College Avenue and marched throughout New Brunswick in the most brilliant, beautiful act of community in, perhaps, all of Rutgers history. This time, it was not only in opposition to the policies and implications of the election of Trump, but also to launch the movement to make Rutgers a #SanctuaryCampus.

This legislation would be enacted by those in charge in order to ensure a territory free of intimidation, harassment and action against immigrant students and citizens. It promises that no governmental or congregated body can require the information or bodies of undocumented constituents, blocking the promised Trump plan of widespread undocumented immigrant deportation from reaching the floors of dormitories within University limits.

Following the protests, it was clear that the greater Rutgers community was unified in one message: we will not be silenced, we will not be fractured and we will not be defeated. An attack against one is an attack against all, and no man will ever have enough power to break that. 



Keeping Ska Alive: The World's Afterparty

As little as three years ago, the New Brunswick ska music scene was dead. The strong, offbeat genre held origins in 1950s Jamaica, and made its way to the United States shortly thereafter. It held its place in New Brunswick for quite a few years, until the inception of the 21st century.

Enter 2015, and The World's Afterparty — a band, while not too keen on labels, calls itself a “punk ska band,” and cites musical influences that range from ska music and folk punk to heavy jazz and classical influences. Giving credit to artists like Days n Daze, Snarky Puppy, Streetlight Manifesto, Leftover Crack, Bomb the Music Industry! and a strong akin to Berlioz, the band’s sound is an aggregation of music from all over the spectrum.

The New Brunswick based band is comprised of seven members: junior Connor Egan, senior Evan Tsioni, junior Nick Wagner, sophomore Arif Ahsan, junior Kelvin Ayora, senior David Ingersoll and high school senior/future Rutgers freshman Ian Young, playing a collection of instruments, including drums, trombone, trumpet, saxophone, keyboard, guitar and bass.

Previously known as “One Night Band / No Label” for a day, the current group was formed last fall and was gifted the name by friend Tennessee Westmoreland. Explaining the resurgence of ska in the area, Wagner comments, “There are a lot of new ska bands in New Jersey, like how New Orleans is known

for jazz, New Jersey is kind of known for ska in the ska world I think.”

“We have Catch 22. We have Streetlight. Those are some of the biggest names in ska,” Egan continues.

In terms of their own music, they don’t want their eclectic sound to ever come off as pretentious. “We’re fun music to dance to. We’re dance music that’s heavy” says Egan, who is not eager to label the band as ‘ska’. “Our genre is good. Our genre is alright”, adds Wagner.

As a band, they truly only have one main goal. “All we ever really want is for them to dance,” agree Egan and Wagner. “I want positive, constructive aggression. I want it to be cathartic,” chimes in Ayora.

When asked what the band is best at, the group collectively agrees on their ability to create hype. When performing their songs “Orange” and “Stalk Syndrome”, they know the strong fusion of sounds are able to get the crowd going.

While the band is now averse to the ska genre, they continue to note it as a key influence. “We’re the fourth wave of ska,” jokes Wagner.

The group hopes to have their long-awaited EP out by this winter. Be sure to check them out when they play The J House in January, because this is one after party you don’t want to miss.



*Written by
Michaela Felix*

**To keep up to date with The World's After Party,
check out their links below:**

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/theworldsafterparty/>

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/theworldsafterparty/>

Bandcamp: <https://theworldsafterparty.bandcamp.com/>

Soundcloud: <https://soundcloud.com/theworldsafterparty>



An Electric Eclecticism

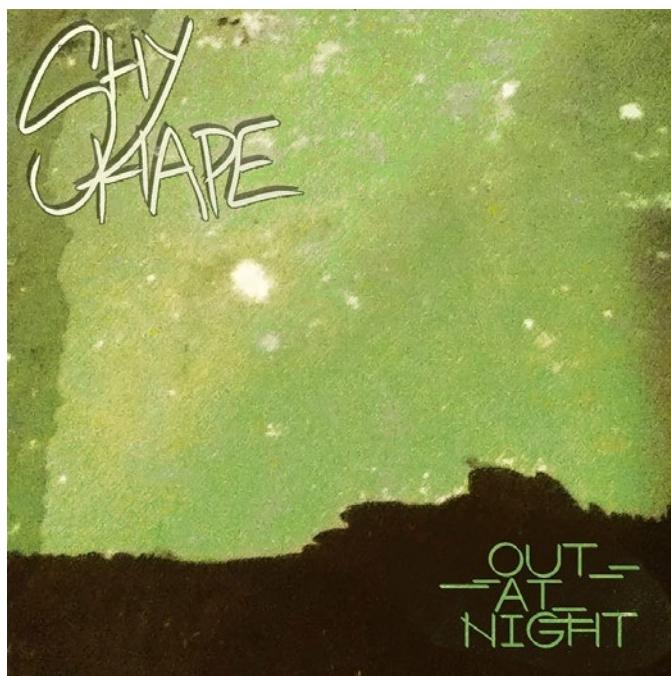
One of the best parts about going to Rutgers is the music scene that has been cultivated here in New Brunswick. It feels like every new person I meet on campus is a musician, or involved with music in some way. Recently, I met Mike Dugan through one of my classes, and it turned out that he was the lead singer of a Rutgers affiliated band called Shy Shape. I wasn't surprised that I had encountered yet another (talented) musician at Rutgers, but I was surprised when I finally listened to the band. Shy Shape's music is something pretty unique compared to the usual sounds you hear around the New Brunswick music scene. Dugan describes the band's sound as "doo-wop influenced with surfy indie rock, where I scream a lot, and is also piano driven." Growing up, Dugan often listened to his grandma's

jukebox, where he discovered 50s and 60s doo wop music, and the influence is definitely audible in their recent EP, titled Out at Night. Dugan told me much about the history of the band, which he's been a part of since high school. Even though some members have come and gone, his unrelenting dedication to the group lies in his drive to just keep playing and creating music.

Upon first listening to Shy Shape's EP, you feel really good because of the highly rhythmic and energetic piano and fast paced speed of the melody. The songs "Cinders" and "River City" are really quite catchy because of these qualities, and according to Dugan, the music is "really sad but doesn't sound sad." And, after listening to the tracks a few times, you can understand what Dugan means by this. The energetic sounds are often coupled with gloomy and dark lyrics such as "I don't know that I could ever fall love in with you — I cut my toes off just so I could fit the other shoe." Or, "I plucked out all my feathers to be the man you don't want to be." According to Dugan, who is the main songwriter for the group, the lyrics come out of times of being super overwhelmed and sluggishly sad, before being revived out of that mood with a sudden grasp of hope, all the while without losing sight of those previous feelings.

Overall, Shy Shape's EP, Out at Night is a gem amongst the music scene here at Rutgers. If you feel like being energized while simultaneously enjoying some gloomy but well-crafted lyrics, check them out. Shy Shape is signed with Noisy Poet Records and you can find their music on Spotify, Apple, Soundcloud and iHeartRadio. 

*Written by
Delfina Picchio*



Gripping Death and Death Grips

Death Grips 9/16/2016

→ TIM SCHOBEL

This summer, Death Grips released their new album Bottomless Pit. When they announced a three-show mini-tour including a show at Terminal 5 in New York this September, my friends and I jumped at the opportunity. This was going to be our second time seeing DG, the first being at Union Transfer in Philly for the Jenny Death tour in 2015.

That show was incredible. While the crowd was rough, my friends and I were able to hold our own in the pit. Even though we separated several times throughout the night, finding each other again posed no significant problems at Union Transfer. Plus, seeing Death Grips for the first time was in itself a legendary experience. All in all, it was one of my favorite shows ever.

Needless to say, we were waiting with bated breath for another opportunity to see Death Grips. So, deciding to go to the Terminal 5 show this year was hardly a debate. However, what we found in New York was a very different scene from Philly a year before.

Maybe it was our hype that brought us down. The Terminal 5 show was totally sold out, so we wanted to get to the venue early in order to secure a spot close to the front of the line (and maybe have a shot at grabbing a tour shirt, if there were any). Unlike the first show in Philly, we were in line hours before the doors opened in New York. As a result, we found ourselves in about the third row by the time the show started. This would be our downfall.

Within seconds of MC Ride coming out, the crowd started crushing toward the stage. At that moment, right at the beginning of the show, the front was perhaps the worst place we could be if we actually intended on staying together. Almost immediately, the crowd thrust my friends and me apart. It was impossible to hear one another over the din inside Terminal 5, especially in the third row. We were screaming out to each other, but we may as well have been in space.

By the time we were all reunited after about 20 or 30 minutes of searching the venue, our energy was

spent. One of my buddies, a guy over a head taller than me, was practically trampled by the crowd after he was pushed to the floor. We wouldn't find his shoe until after the show ended, which was truly a miracle. Another one of my friends left New York that night with a broken hand. As for the rest of us, escaping the pit and reuniting posed its own unique set of obstacles. We were drenched in sweat, exhausted, and phones were useless, so we tried to stick together for the remainder of their set. They would play for about ninety minutes in all.

Obviously, the best part of the show was Death Grips themselves. The worst part was the crowd. It became pretty difficult to actually enjoy the show after seeing what happened to those I came with and the trial of finding them again. It probably didn't help that this sold-out show was all-ages. The point is this: don't expect too much from the front at a Death Grips show. Even if you don't start there, it won't be hard to make your way up there after the crowd gets past the first song. Otherwise, don't have any intention of staying with your friends. 



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

GENIUS

Not So Genius?

→ Adam Yawdoszyn

Lyrics are an essential aspect of music for many listeners. In order to appreciate what they are listening to, many fans read the words of the song while the music plays. This practice started with the liner notes of vinyl sleeves and evolved through CD booklets and ultimately the internet via websites such as Genius. For those who want them, finding lyrics for song has never been an issue. Interpreting those lyrics, though, is a considerably more daunting and complex task.

In any discussion of popular music, lyrical interpretation is bound to come up as a topic of debate. From The Beatles to Kanye West, artists have consistently written songs that leave some of the meaning up to the listener. These conversations populate the minds and mouths of music lovers everywhere, driving interest in the intricacies of the art form and increasing its overall degree of appreciation. This summer I had a discussion with a friend about a line in The Beatles' "Don't Let Me Down." Around the middle of the song, John Lennon sings, "I'm in love for the first time/Don't you know it's gonna last/It's a love that lasts forever." My friend and I pondered whether the line was intended to be from the viewpoint of a young lover who is unaware of the probable doom of his relationship, or from an experienced man now jaded with how naïve his old self was. I've partaken in debates about whether Animal Collective's "Bluish" is about falling in love or giving head, and I've heard and considered varying ideas on what the hell Fleet Foxes' "White Winter Hymnal" is about. These sorts of dialogues are often the core of discourse on music.

One can argue that music interpretation does two main things — it adds to the art form's social aspect as a whole, while simultaneously allowing for the individual listener to have a stronger personal connection

to the song. The interpretation of music doesn't just add to its social aspect. It also allows for the listener to have a stronger personal connection to the song. Depending on one's own vision, "Don't Let Me Down" can be a post-breakup lament or a happy promise of new love, "Bluish" can be sexy or lovely, and "White Winter Hymnal" can be whatever one wants it to be. This ability for the listeners to put their own view on the lyrics becomes more important as the lines become more abstract, like those in "White Winter Hymnal." Take Of Montreal's "Gronlandic Edit" as an example. For many listeners, Kevin Barnes' desire to "forget all of the beauty's wasted" is seen as an attack on the excessive decorations of outdated and unnecessary religions, but for the unfortunate product of a breakup, this line could be an attack on a singular person whose beauty is supposedly wasted on a terrible personality. For a more familiar example, consider how, seemingly, an entire generation viewed Kendrick Lamar's "Swimming Pools" not as a social commentary on the dangers of alcohol, but rather ironically as a party anthem to indulge in the very vices Kendrick speaks out against on the track.

With the advent of Genius, these great privileges have been taken away from many listeners. When they go to look up the words to a new song on the website, they see premade explanations of the lyrics and take that to be the ultimate meaning of the song. Their experience is limited by a narrow mindset that is no fault of their own. If the song's meaning is already available to them, then there is no need to discuss; no need to apply it to one's own life; it simply is what it is. The listener's burden and work may be lessened, but their capacity for enjoyment is gone with it.



GENIUS

Democratizing Criticism

→ Samuel Shopp

By virtue of the internet, the millennial generation has a unique relationship to music. Its distribution, its production, and its consumption have all been revolutionized. Many artists bemoan this transformation, decrying services like Spotify for not fairly compensating musicians for their work. However, for every harmful aspect of the digitization of the music industry, the internet offers a remedy. Sites like Bandcamp have emerged as champions for artistic control, especially for young, self-produced musicians who are able to control the price of their work. Similarly, lyric sites like Genius occupy a contested space in which the pros and cons are ambiguous.

Genius started out in 2009 as Rap Genius, a site devoted to explicating all of the hidden meanings behind the massive discography of the hip-hop genre. However, it quickly expanded beyond hip-hop and became a place for all music, poetry, literature, and even political documents. “Rap” Genius was no longer sufficient: it became a website for all cultural content worth analyzing. Nevertheless, the defining feature of Genius is that it’s a community-powered tool. There is no single person telling you what to think about a song or a poem; it’s up to you and your peers to interpret the work yourselves. The best interpretations are upvoted, and only the most agreed upon opinions make it to the top. This is true democratization. This is critical analysis for and by the people. You are encouraged (demanded, even) to analyze these lyrics for yourself, provide your own interpretation and present to the community a new reading that they will either accept or reject.

There is power in this new era of democratic criticism. Consider, for example, T. S. Eliot’s modernist tour de force, *The Waste Land*. This poem (like the

lyrics to many modern rap songs) is overburdened with allusions and references. To the uninitiated, the poem’s allusive significance would pass completely unnoticed and *The Waste Land* would lose one of its most important features. Without the internet, the best hope you’d have to understand *The Waste Land* completely would be to purchase a published text with footnotes. However, these footnotes would be collected and organized by a single person who was chosen by the publishing industry to proclaim to you exactly what you should think about a line as subjective as “April is the cruellest month.” This is absurd. One man, in the footnotes of a dusty book of poems, would really presume to tell you everything you need to know about a piece of art. Genius offers you, instead, the opinions of an entire community of readers, as well as a chance to provide your own knowledge and to make your voice heard by voting on the interpretations that make the most sense to you. You can finally participate in criticism, rather than suffer through it.

Genius even gives authors the ability to provide input on their own work! Lin-Manuel Miranda, the literal genius behind *Hamilton*, has commented on multiple songs from the soundtrack providing authorial verification of historicity and his intended meanings. However, as we are in the post-mortem age of the author, Miranda’s highlighted comments are still not the end-all/be-all of interpretation. On Genius, you are entitled to your own opinion and everyone wants to hear it! Your unique reading could describe clearly a song that no one else could explain. This is your chance to be a critic, without the grossly hierarchical institution of print publishing. This is your chance to be a Genius. 

To Time

Sury Kotliar

So let's just say, that just this once
 I don't get up.
 I ignore the ring of my alarm,
 I ignore my need to succeed,
 and I just lay in bed,

If I stay here,
 Between my covers,
 If I ignore the rising sun,
 Shut my nose to the smell of fresh brewed coffee,
 Ignore the chirping birds,
 Then,
 What will today be?

If I pretend that I can't read time,
 If I close my shades,
 Turn off the lights,
 Will the dark remain?
 Will the stars continue to glisten?
 Will I continue to dream?

Or will the light creep in,
 Between the shades,
 And I'll see a shadow of who I could've been,
 Will the silence break me?
 Will I be alone,
 Feeling bored and like a wasted space,
 Unaccomplished, and ashamed.

Or will I be happy because I'm exactly where I need to be,

Ecstatic, cheerful to be me
 No set goals,
 No set disappointments
 No unaccomplished dreams.
 If I never set out to achieve, I'll never fail.

But will I feel empty,
 Because I can't be identified as a reflection of the people around me,
 I can't mirror my self worth from people's reactions to me.
 No one to validate me.
 No one to question me.

Without time, without light,
 Without a schedule, without life,
 Without people, am I me?

Time, I need you to teach me,
 Because I am not like you,
 You are perfectly calculated.
 I am reckless,
 You are infinite,
 I am breakable,
 You are the perfect balance of past, present, future
 I am shameless,
 You are one whole, every second, every minute, every hour, is you.
 I am my actions, my words, my mistakes, my accomplishments,
 All separate entities of this being, I call Sury.

I know I am not perfect, I know I can be better,
 But I can't seem to push myself in the right direction.
 Teach me how to work like clockwork, because you are clockwork.
 Take away my ability to be rash, rude, and thoughtless.
 Take away my edge,
 Make me like you.

And one day, when I am like you,
 Planned to perfection,
 I can only hope you took away enough of me,
 That I don't know that I lost myself in the process.



1:5

→ Rebecca Koblin

So I've never been super good at math
 I like the numbers but tend to slumber in class
 As my mind roams to places I just can't seem to pass
 but turns out I'm really good at ratios
 See as a girl at Rutgers I've been told I'm lucky.

As a girl you can get into any party partly because of the parts of my body that men pretend to view impartially but in reality are using to objectify me because I've been reduced to a fucking number.

One to one would seem to be fair and fun each guy "gives" himself a girl.

But as if assigning us like we're cattle isn't enough you're so worried that you won't get your cock sucked that you figure you'll even the odds.

Two to one now that's safer every guy has double the chance to make a move during a dance and if one girl isn't drunk or she's a flirt but won't let you get under her skirt than you have a second bitch so that you can make a quick switch, give her a pitch about how "you think the two of you have a real connection"

But god forbid your charm and your arm around my hip doesn't make me wanna fuck you and the other girl also doesn't want to than imagine what it would be like to refrain and abstain from sex sustaining an injury to your superiority complex that you've built and now your pride is wounded and you're wondering... what's next

Three to one... well damn that's a plan, the first girl didn't wanna bone the second one went home but the third... it would be ABSURD if this bitch put a hitch in your plans and made u slam the breaks because she wants to wait because she's not an object for you to use so you can drive her to self-hate while calling her a slut but begging her to do it in the butt because why did she even come if she wasn't willing to fuck.

So four to one is the new ratio because with every guy you decide you need 4 hoes. The competition continues to heighten as the testosterone in the air grows! Suffocating the sanctuary that is my body you say "we're just men" as if that excuse explains the abuse that we as women face.

We have to be thin and we have to be cute with a nice ass and big titties too, don't let them too close

because if you're easy they won't chase, and if you're willing to fuck then they'll spit in your face, words like slut and whore while they beg you for more.

But if you have the audacity to open your mouth and speak words instead of sucking dick then he convinces you you're a fucking tease no better than the chick who was silent and let him do it quick with tears in her eyes because he told her she was sick for trying to say NO

Now I'm going to a party with my friends by my side who are guys who make me feel safe, just to be told that they have no place for the guys but "the girls can come in if they'd like" and now they're trying to herd me into their basement without even a statement or agreement because to them I'm not a human being, I'm a fucking number in their ratio, "there's beer in the basement tho" just listen to the base track blow and leave your safe zone with your trusted friends as if I'm going to fucking go because they want me to be alone so they can enter the zone and try to bone.

People think I'm joking when I tell them that I carry mace in my pocket when I go to a party. But will you still think it's a joke when you get separated from your friends tricked into a path with seemingly no ends, guys using you like a resource like you're there for the taking, just for making the time pass so they make a pass at you and when Nobody seems to know the meaning of NO will you still think it's a joke?

We are so lucky to be girls all the luck in the fucking world, We get into parties but is it us who gets in? or is it just our skin because that's all they need is the body you see, because the girl, the thoughts, the words that comes out of your mouth, don't help the boys out with their region down south! Your personality doesn't compute in this equation, boys using their persuasion and manipulation to make us think we are lucky just to be an exception to their rules. Really we are just tools.

So this ratio... it fucking blows. I know my worth it's not 1 to 5 or 1 to 4 I'm worth wayyyy fucking more, I'm not an object for you to use, and no you can't stare at my boobs. My eyes are up here and let me make myself clear. Take X and divide it by 1, this equation is simple and easy to see my worth is fucking infinity.



Shadows

Nicole Osztrogonacz

Raindrops distort my once transparent window like
Tears dripping down a porcelain, innocent face
Silent, delicate, fluent
The clouds are weeping
Over the sun departing
Same with that of this girl
With radiant warmth gone
It's hard to move on
Lost the glint in her chestnut eyes
That once shone brighter than stars in the sky
Purple inflated bags underneath
Lips sealed, hidden teeth
She can't sing a single tune
She can barely move out of bed
Thoughts swarming around in her head
A dark, dreary shadow
She fades in comparison of what she used to be
Because she isn't happy
A heart that beats for no one
Arms that hug no one
Feet that dance with no one
Even though she is rich with money
She feels empty
Cash means nothing
When you still cling
To the darkness within



A Collection of Poetry

Cassie Rosario

In A Constellation of Stars

Some cosmic energy within me collided with his
and suddenly the world was never the same.
Somehow, some way,
for some strange reason
our stars intertwined
and formed the most beautiful of eclipses the heart
has ever seen.
I was the shining star without a name,
forever changed by the cosmic pull of his electric eyes
and the pragmatic smile of a thousand constellated
stars.
The blaze of the suns within his words
left me forever muted.
Lost amid a pattern of lost stars who once loved
but were never loved back.
Dimmed out completely amid the darkness of that
night sky.
An intergalactic love affair.

Skyscraper Tree

I am from the skyscraper tree
extending far beyond my reach.
With branches spiraling
in all the directions I wish I could gone.
But always beckoning me
To reach for more.

Two Caged Souls

Two caged souls looking for a way out
Crawling and knowing—
searching for a way out
but finding comfort in each other's arms.



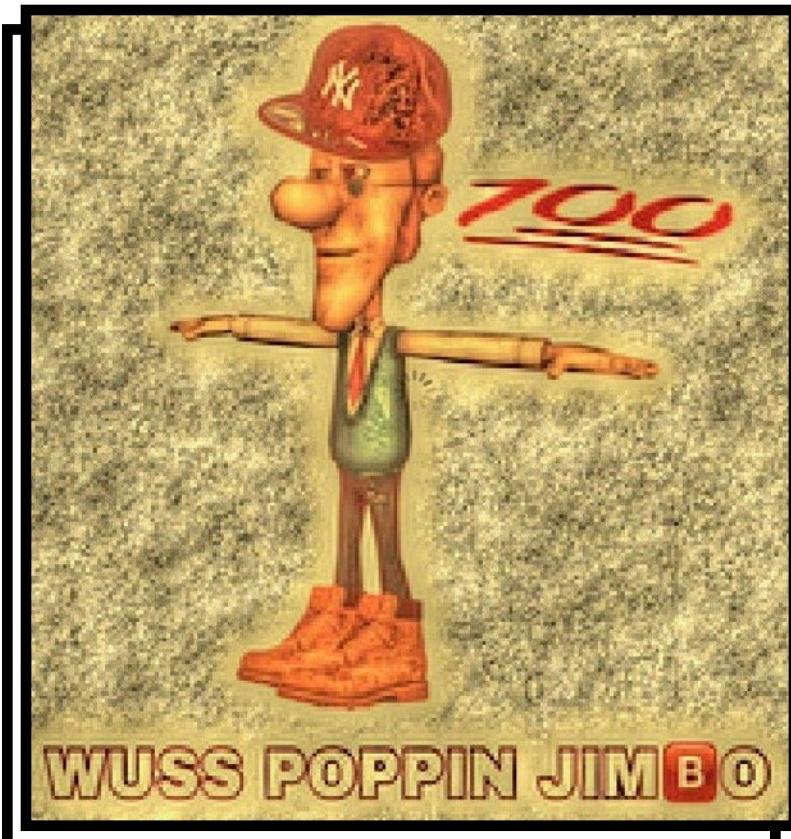
MEMES 2016

Why New York Memes are Deadass the Best Meme of 2016, B

Submerged in the sea of Pepe the Frogs, caught-off-guard Mr. Krabs, and fist-clenching Arthurs lies a quality, underrated meme deserving of a spot among the top tier: New York memes. Not to be confused with the best Flavor of Love contestant ever and queen of reactions Tiffany "New York" Pollard (another meme that deserves recognition too honestly), New York memes ridicule the lives of stereotypical New Yorkers.

Easily identified with a photo of Timbs, a New York Yankees cap, or any indication of "New York speak", every New York meme accurately depicts the behavior of your typical New York urbanite. The meme originally spread through Black Twitter earlier this spring and continued to spiral upward with different variations. Common phrasing includes such classic examples as "deadass, my guy", "you buggin b", or "I'm dumb thrilled". New York memes truly represent the pinnacle of urban memery.

Ok so, New York memes are obviously not a TRULY accurate representation of the average New Yorker. Clearly it's an exaggeration of how we view them. But then again, you can't deny that there is a New Yorker out there protecting their freshly purchased Timbs with a New York Yankees hat sitting neatly atop their head, scrolling through their twitter as a sole Hennessy tear slides down their cheek when they see they're being made fun of.



The Worst Meme of 2016: The Forced Kenneth Bone Meme

To be frank, the fact that everyone found his appearance funny is pretty much the only reason Kenneth Bone became an overnight Internet sensation. I don't get it. The undecided voter was just standing there at the second Presidential Debate, asking his question and not really doing anything worthy of being deemed a meme. Yet of course once enough people caught wind of this "funny" situation, they dragged it out for as long as possible - whether it was actually funny or not. The sight of him just standing there in his hilarious (read: not remotely funny) red sweater with a microphone in hand and a caption meant to evoke laughter just did nothing for me.

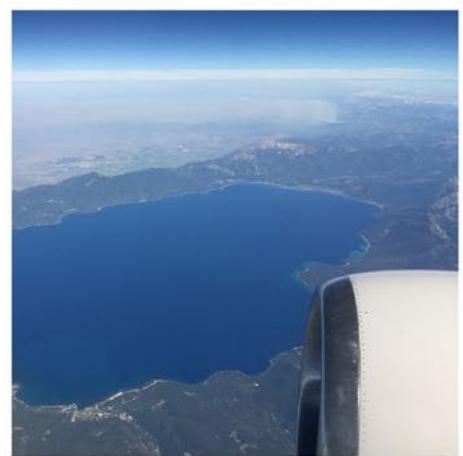
The beauty of a meme is that you find it funny regardless of knowing its origin. Even though I didn't watch the debate that skyrocketed Mr. Bone to his 15 seconds of meme fame, none of the memes created surrounding his identity were even funny. At the end of the day, everyone found out their beloved hero wasn't quite so heroic when comments he made on Reddit about Jennifer Lawrence's nudes being leaked and the murder of Trayvon Martin surfaced shortly after he participated in a Reddit AMA. Remember friends, meme fame is fleeting, but the Internet is most definitely forever.

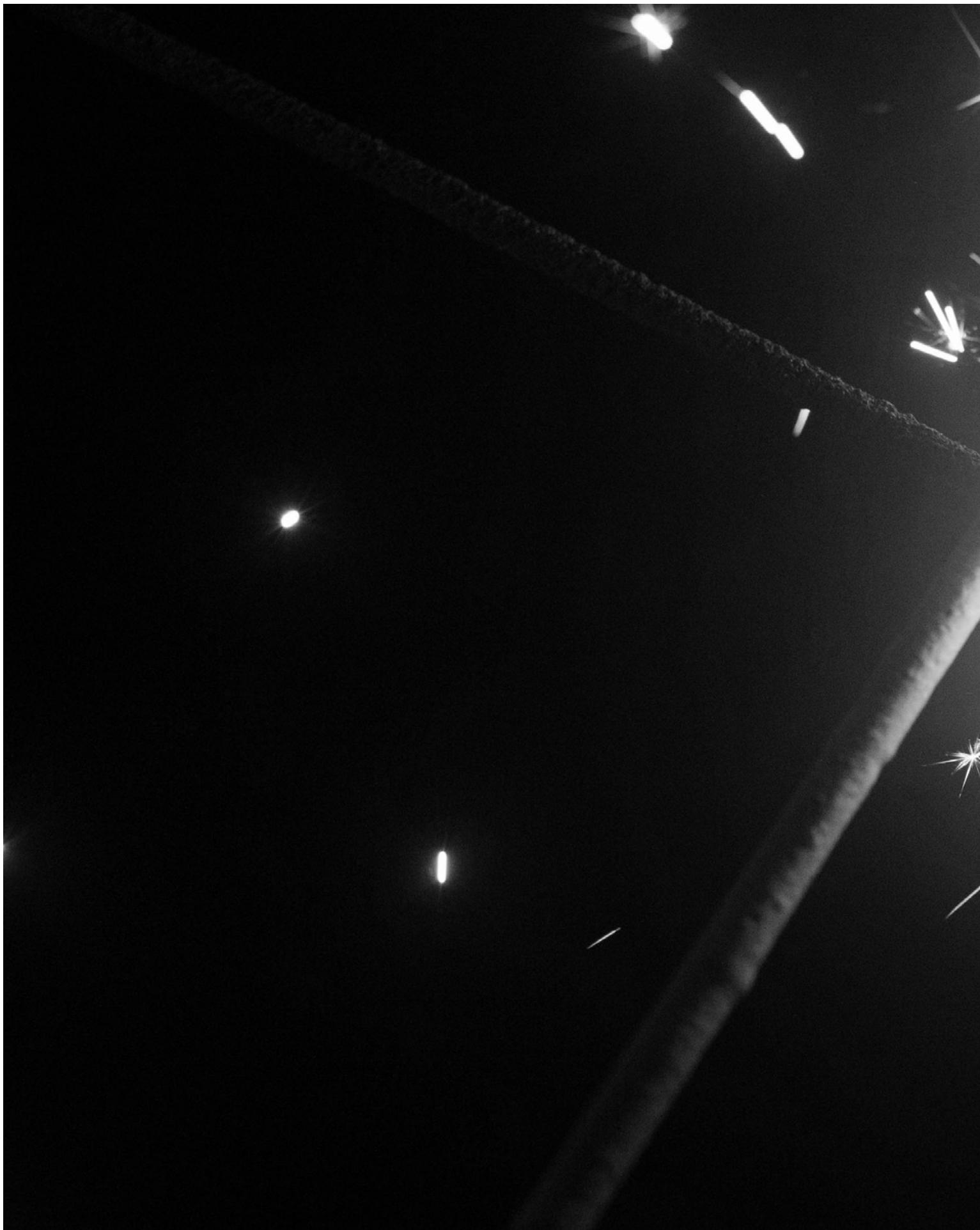




*a metal tube weighing
hundreds of thousands of
pounds suspended tens of
thousands of feet in the air
hurtling forward at hundreds
of miles an hour*

Michelle Chen









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